With hor-docks, hemlocke, netles, cookow flowers,
Darnell and all the idle weedes that grow,
In our ſuſtayning, corne, a centurie is ſent forth,
Search euery acre in the hie growne field,
And bring him to our eye, what can mans wiſdome
In the reſtoring his bereued ſence, he that can helpe him
Take all my outward worth.
Doct. There is meanes Madame.
Our foſter nurſe of nature is repoſe,
The which he lackes that to prouoke in him,
Are many ſimples operatiue whoſe power,
Will cloſe the eye of anguiſh.
Cord. All bleſt ſecrets all you vnpubliſht vertues of the earth,
Spring with my teares beaydant and remediat,
In the good mans diſtreſſe, ſeeke, ſeeke, for him,
Leſt his vngouernd rage diſſolue the life.
That wants the meanes to lead it. *Enter meſſenger.*
Meſ. News Madam, the Brittiſh powers are marching hither-
Cord. Tis knowne before, our preparation ſtands, (ward.
In expectation of them, ô deere father
It is thy buſines that I go about, therfore great *France*
My mourning and important teares hath pitied,
No blowne ambition doth our armes in fight
But loue, deere loue, and our ag'd fathers right,
Soone may I heare and ſee him. *Exit.*

Enter Regan and Steward.

Reg. But are my brothers powers ſet forth?
Stew. I Madam. *Reg.* Himſelfe in perſon?
Stew. Madam with much ado, your ſiſter is the better ſoldier.
Reg. Lord *Edmund* ſpake not with your Lady at home.
Stew. No Madam.
Reg. What might import my ſiſters letters to him?
Stew. I know not Lady.
Reg. Faith he is poſted hence on ſerious matter,
It was great ignorance, *Gloſters* eyes being out
To let him liue, where he ariues he moues
All harts againſt vs, and now I thinke is gone
In pitie of his miſery to diſpatch his nighted life,

More-

Moreouer to diſcrie the ſtrength at'h army.
Stew. I muſt needs after him with my letters
Reg. Our troope ſets forth to morrow ſtay with vs,
The wayes are dangerous.
Stew. I may not Madame, my Lady charg'd my dutie in this
buſines.
Reg. Why ſhould ſhe write to *Edmund*? might not you
Tranſport her purpoſes by word, belike
Some thing, I know not what, ile loue thee much,
Let me vnſeale the letter.
Stew. Madam I'd e rather---
Reg. I know your Lady does not loue her huſband
I am ſure of that, and at her late being here
Shee gaue ſtrange aliads, and moſt ſpeaking lookes
To noble *Edmund*, I know you are of her boſome.
Stew. I Madam.
Reg. I ſpeake in vnderſtanding, for I know't,
Therefore I doe aduiſe you take this note,
My Lord is dead, *Edmund* and I haue talkt,
And more conuenient is he for my hand
Then for your Ladies, you may gather more
If you doe find him, pray you giue him this,
And when your miſtris heares thus much from you
I pray deſire her call her wiſedome to her, ſo farewell,
If you doe chance to heare of that blind traytor,
Preferment fals on him that cuts him off.
Ste. Would I could meet him Madam, I would ſhew
What Lady I doe follow.
Reg. Fare thee well. *Exit.*

Enter Gloſter and Edmund.

Gloſt. When ſhall we come toth' top of that ſame hill?
Edg. You do climbe it vpnow, looke how we labour?
Gloſt. Me thinks the ground is euen.
Edg. Horrible ſteepe, harke doe you heare the ſea?
Gloſt. No truly.
Edg. Why then your other ſences grow imperfect
By your eyes anguiſh.
Gloſt. So may it be indeed,